The Liberalist

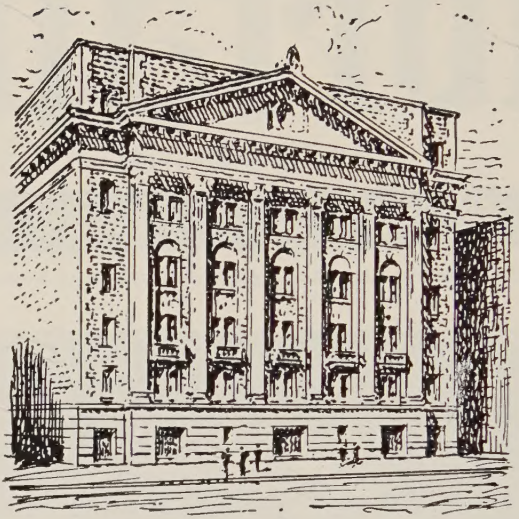
VOLUME XXXV DECEMBER, 1958 Number 9

PUBLISHED BY THE PEOPLES CHURCH OF CHICAGO

NATURE BEDECKS ITS CHRISTMAS TREES

For stars belong to the unbounded skies;
Stars are not found beneath the roofs of creed,
Nor reached by straining spires of steel and stone:
Alike they shine to serve a whole world's need,
That none dare cry, "The stars are mine alone!"

Molly Anderson Haley



THE PEOPLES CHURCH OF CHICAGO

Lawrence Ave. at Sheridan Road

This Church was founded July 7, 1912, as a liberal independent church. It united with the American Unitarian Association, Western Unitarian Conference and National Federation of Religious Liberals in 1923. Property purchased for new building 1924. Ground broken June 14, 1925. Corner stone laid November 15, 1925. Church dedicated October 10, 1926. Preston Bradley has been the Pastor from the beginning of the Church.

Declaration of Principles

"The purpose of the church is to deal in plain terms with the supreme things in human life as measured by the rational conclusions of science and history. It seeks to promote a conception of nature, history and the meaning of life in accordance with the facts of experience and with the progress of growing knowledge. It is essentially religious not in the traditional but in the scientific and ethical sense of the word. It regards religion as spiritual energy directing itself toward the enrichment of the individual life and the perfection of the social order. This church assumes the right of every one to think his or her own thoughts, and expects the greatest progress to follow from entire intellectual liberty and perfect freedom of judgment. It welcomes to its membership all who wish to co-operate in making a world which shall be enlightened by knowledge, guided by reason and animated by good-will."

Dr. Bradley's Book

New Wealth For You—$1.00

Other Books by Dr. Bradley

Mastering Fear
Courage For Today
Power From Right Thinking
Life and You
Meditations
My Daily Strength
Happiness Through Creative Living

ALONG THE WAY

By DR. PRESTON BRADLEY

WE ARE all familiar with the old saying, "A person can always find time to do the things they really want to do." I have quoted this many times, but during the past month I have had several reasons for believing it is not true. Not having the time to do it has often been used as an excuse. I have been guilty more than once of thinking that a person's refusal to do something was caused by their not wanting to do it. Three or four times during the past month I have had occasion to experience the untruthfulness of the widely quoted remark.

There were two things June and I had planned to do during the month. Both of them were impossible of accomplishment. This brought a severe disappointment to us. All my life I have been fond of the theatre. In our village, when I was a boy we had an Opera House. Why it was called an Opera House I never knew, for we never had any opera, but we would have Indian Medicine Shows and the usual run of what was called "Road Shows" from time to time. I can recapture even to this day the thrill which I had as a small, barefoot boy, seated on the front seat in this Opera House, watching the Kickapoo Indian Medicine Show. I remember vividly a performance of Uncle Tom's Cabin which was given there. The production had all the details worked out: Little Eva ascending to Heaven — Eliza crossing on the ice; oh, as I think of it today, it seems so long ago and yet but yesterday.

In those days every town and small city had that great institution known as Chautauqua, and in the winter we had the lecture courses. I can go back and recall many of the men whom I heard as a high school lad:— Thomas Brooks, lecturer; Edward Amhurst Ott, Judge Alden, Elsworth Plumsted, Ralph Bingham and Ralph Parlett, Dr. John Merritt Driver, Bob Seeds, Dr. Russell H. Conwell and many others. These names will probably not mean anything to any of my readers, but I can recapture their subjects, many things they said, and their personalities stand out vividly before me as I write.

The Chautauqua, except for the original institution in Chautauqua, New York, is no more. The tents have all folded, the talent, lectures and musicians are but memories, but they contributed greatly to the cultural and spiritual life of America before radio and television were a part of our cultural pattern. All my life I have enjoyed the theatre, the concert hall, the lecture platform, and for me television and radio are no substitutes for the actual presence of the artist or the speaker. I recognize, being in both mediums, their influence, importance and responsibility, but there is nothing which can take the place of being in the living presence of a lecturer or an artist. I know there are those who may explain this away, but I believe any argument in this matter would be settled on the side of the person and the audience, undisturbed by any mechancial instrument whatever. This opens up a whole subject of conversation which I haven't the space to go into.

What I started out to say was that

from the time we first heard that the Old Vic Company, of London, England, was going to play in Chicago, we decided to see as many of the plays as we possibly could. As it turned out, we were unable to see one single performance. We had seen the Old Vic Company in its home theatre in London and always found their presentation of Shakespeare to be the most adequate, with the exception of Stratford that we have ever seen. On the day of every single performance given by the Old Vic Company in Chicago during the past two weeks it was impossible for me to attend. Coming back to the old adage, I realize how untrue it is. I couldn't find time to do something I wanted to do. We kept a Monday evening to see a performance only to discover that the Old Vic Company did not play on Monday evenings, and that was the end of that.

The other great disappointment was that we were unable to see the play at the Goodman Theatre, "Billy Budd," which the most capable Director, Dr. John Reich, is presenting. This will be the first play I have missed since Dr. Reich brought to the Goodman a renaissance of the Goodman School of Acting, affiliated with the Chicago Art Institute. Dr. Reich is restoring the whole activity to the plan of the original founder and getting back to the fundamental principles which motivated the gift of the Goodman Theatre as a memorial to Kenneth Sawyer Goodman. We are indeed fortunate to have Dr. Reich a part of the cultural and spiritual life of our city. The Goodman Theatre deserves the support of all who love one of the greatest of our creative arts and one of the most efficacious in our social pattern. The influence of the theatre upon the social well being of people ought never to be underestimated, for the theatre is a social force.

Well, our disappointment in these two matters was compensated for by our ability to see once more and to hear again Sir John Gielgud, one of the most distinguished of living Shakespearean actors. I have seen Sir John many times in England. I have seen him in his Shakespearean roles at the Memorial Theatre in Stratford, England, and the last several summers in which we have visited London, fortunately he was playing; but I have never seen him in a recital and was curious to know how he would handle the situation and what impression he would create. Having seen him in all the historic and rich costuming of Shakespeare, as well as in some of the modern plays which require a great amount of scenery and all that goes into the composition of a dramatic play, it was an unusual experience to see him walk out upon a barren stage at the Goodman Theatre in a dinner jacket and entertain a capacity audience for over two hours and a half.

On the stage was a table upon which rested a manuscript rack to which he referred between his readings, but so deftly as to lead one to surmise it might be merely a gesture. He turned the pages occasionally and he may have underscored cue sentences or words, but all of his reading was done from memory and without any reference to the manuscript at his right. Hearing plays read is not one of my most satisfactory experiences. Plays are primarily meant to be acted and not read, but when a person is sufficiently the artist in the projection of characterization, so that the listener almost automatically sees the character on the stage in all the costuming which the part may require, it unfailingly indicates the quality of their genius. I have never heard on the stage or the

recital platform the music, melody, ideas, rhythm and power of Shakespeare's words rendered more effectively. It was an unforgettable experience and one which will always live as one of the great evenings of our lives.

We were most fortunate indeed after the recital to be invited to meet Sir John by Dr. John Reich. We were escorted back stage to his dressing room and received most graciously by him. We had a few minutes' conversation about the theatre in London and I was able to tell him how often we had seen him in plays. I know from my own experience before an audience that he must have been tired, but he gave no evidence of it in our meeting. He graciously invited us, on our return to London, to see him and this we will try to do.

It is to the credit of the people of Chicago that they are appreciative of the best things when an opportunity is given them. Sir John was only to give two recitals here, but the demand was so great that I think he had to give three or four more, each of them to audiences which filled the Goodman Theatre. I have always held to the idea that people will respond to good things if good things are available. I think those who are responsible for the policy of radio and television underestimate the American public. To speak of television and radio audiences as possessing fourteen-year-old minds is not only contemptuous but I think it is untrue.

* * *

Another experience that has come to me as I have gone along the way this past month has been the opportunity to hear and meet a man of whom I had heard and read for many years. I was invited to attend the opening convocation of the Chicago Theological Seminary of the University of Chicago. Fortunate indeed it was that I had been able to save the evening. One of the most interesting personalities in the British pulpit is the Rev. Mr. William E. J. Martin, Minister of the Augustine-Bristow Congregational Church of Edinburgh since 1951. Before this he had served several Congregational Churches in London and, since 1954, he has been lecturing on pastoral ministry at the Scottish Congregational College in Edinburgh. I have heard much about him every time I have gone to the other side of the Atlantic, but I had never met him. However, one of the many magazines and newspapers which come to my Study desk is the British Weekly. I receive it every week, just as I do many other magazines and newspapers published abroad. One of the most popular columns in the British Weekly is a column called "The Diary of Peter Parson." It is by Mr. Martin and is the first thing I always read when I open the British Weekly. It contains very informal jottings, day by day, of the previous week, experiences he had, people he met, ideas garnered from books he has read, a quotation from a poem—the column is a regular potpourri. Peter Parson's Diary has been suspended (I hope temporarily) because of Mr. Martin's year in the United States. Recently the Abingdon Press in our own country has published "The Diary of Peter Parson." While I do not as yet own a copy it is on my list to secure one.

Mr. Martin was a late comer to the ministry, having been in the business world for ten years before entering New College, the Divinity School of the University of London. An interesting and unusual side-light on Mr. Martin is that he is a careful and devoted student of the modern poets. He

has written and lectured extensively on Eliot, Auden, Thomas and Muir. The former Phyllis Weber, who is his wife, is also an ordained Congregational Minister.

Now when I heard that Mr. Martin was coming to the University of Chicago Federated Theological Faculty for the year 1958-1959 as a visiting professor of homiletics, my heart leaped with joy, for I thought "here is an opportunity to meet and to know a man who has commanded my intense interest in the products of the pen." When I received the invitation to the Convocation and saw that he was to be the preacher for the evening, well, perhaps I had better forget my dogmatism about the old adage and resurrect it again here, because I made up my mind nothing would prevent me from hearing him. So I kept the evening and I heard him.

He is unique without being eccentric. There is no oratorical flourish connected with his preaching. Of course it was an event in an academic environment and in no sense of the word was the congregation a cross-section of American life. It was composed primarily of students and members of the faculty, and people who were in some way a part of the University life. I can recapture at will the main thoughts which he brought out in his address. They were not new to me but they were presented in a most unique and original manner. Not very many clergymen would quote from Dylon Thomas. Not that Dylon Thomas has written unquotable things for the pulpit, but that most clergymen are entirely unfamiliar with anything he has written.

Mr. Martin read most effectively and in the reading presented the thought of Thomas in a most lucid manner. After the Convocation Dr. McGiffert, the President of the Seminary, very kindly introduced me to Mr. Martin, and I, being a very human individual, had a little inner glow when he said "Preston Bradley! Oh, yes, I have heard about you and I know of your work in Chicago. We know you in England." I am being honest with you, my dear reader, when I say that I appreciate his saying that to me. I wish more of us would say lovely things and pleasant things to each other as we walk along these difficult years. There are plenty of unkind things said and critical things expressed, judgments given, and all too seldom do we speak the word of encouragement and appreciation.

The saddest moments I have are such as the one I had recently at a funeral service, when a member of the family walked up to the casket just before the lid was closed forever by the mortician, and almost hysterically said: "Oh, forgive me for every unkind word I have said to you. I am so sorry, so sorry." That was agony and an enduring agony. If we could practice more than most of us do, the art of being kind, it wouldn't take long to create an entirely new environment in which to work out a solution to the problems of national and international range. Peace in one's own soul can only result when one tries to create peace around them.

I am hoping before very long, and certainly before our church year is closed, to have Mr. Martin preach for us some Sunday morning. I asked him if he would and he gladly consented and I am going to try and get a date set with him. I don't want to make it on a Sunday when I shall be away in February, because I want to be in our church and in the pulpit on the Sunday he brings us his sermon. I predict Mr. Martin will make a last-

ing impression upon the theological students at the University of Chicago while he is here. I envy them the opportunity of coming in association with this fine man, his deep spiritual sensitivity and the impressive presentation of his ideas.

* * *

Whenever I am lecturing anywhere within fifty or a hundred miles of my old home in Linden, Michigan, I always manage to spend a few hours there. During the month I was able to visit my birthplace again. Every time I go I am impressed with how deeply intertwined the roots of my life are with my native soil. To visit the house in which I was born, with my beloved sister who is three years my junior, is always one of life's high moments with me. A few days ago we walked together about the yard where we used to play as children. Everything remains the same. It was a late Autumn day and the leaves had fallen. To many Autumn is a melancholy time of the year and the experience always awakens the deepest and holiest sentiments of my life.

I said to Beulah, my sister, "What happened to the old quince tree?" Just off the kitchen entrance there used to be a quince tree with gnarled branches. One doesn't see many quince trees any more, but this old quince tree we used to play under in the early days of life. Like so many other precious things it had grown old and branch by branch had fallen away until the life of the tree ebbed out and it was cut down. I miss that old tree most of all. Mother used to make quince jelly every Autumn. What would I give for another taste of Mother's home made quince jelly! Mass production brings to our tables the fruit of the land in every form, but there never has been a substitute for home cooking at its best when love mixes the ingredients.

It is always a hallowed moment for me, too, when I go to the village cemetery and visit the graves where rest Jimmie and Mother. I can stand at their graves and look across the valley to the old home which they both knew and loved. There is a sweetness to deep sorrow when coronated by an undying love. I cannot understand people who have broken with their early environment so completely that their hearts no longer respond to the earliest memory of life.

* * *

By the time you read these lines we will all be in the midst of Christmas preparations. We are planning a beautiful and joyous Christmas season in church. I hope you will look over the activities which you will find elsewhere in this number and plan to participate as much as possible. Christmas is not merely one day but all the days which go into the preparation for the supreme day. Let us prepare for that day carefully so that the day when it arrives will not find us tired and unable to enjoy its beauty and appreciate its significance.

This will be my 47th Christmas with you and our church and in all the years never did the world need Christmas more than it needs it now. Let us all use it as a great opportunity for dedication and consecration to the supreme truth of Christmas—the truth bounded by love and good will. I hope to see many of you during the Christmas Season and I trust love will abound in your life and that it will be the happiest and most vivacious time of the whole year.

I close our visit together this month as I always close my broadcast—

Keep looking up.

The Liberalist

FREEDOM—FELLOWSHIP—CHARACTER

PRESTON BRADLEY, LL.D., D.D. ..... Editor
GRACE THAYER BRADLEY ..... In Memoriam
ETHEL WELLS SMALLEY ..... Assistant to the Editor
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A Christmas Message

AT Christmastime there can be no more authoritative message in this hour of the world's history than the truth of the angels' song and the starlight that hovers over the world at this season. Modern angels? Of course there are modern angels. Modern shepherds? Of course. And of course there are modern stars. All the hate of this world cannot dim the starlight of the eternal. The little bit of loveliness in what you are trying to do for each other, the little dreams you have for the realization of the day, the little tokens of love that you will be hiding in your home and which will not see the light of day until Christmas morning, the letter, the telephone message, the telegram, the little building of love you will be making, the element of surprise in it all—these are a part of the star, and a part of the angels' song. That's what Christmas really means and the song of the angels will never stop. It is more than nations, more than races, more than empires—it is eternal—the song beyond all songs—the star beyond all stars—for it is the song of love in our hearts.

Don't let Christmas arrive with hate in your heart for anyone. Have you missed an old friend, someone who at one time meant a great deal to you—and you have not heard from them for months? What a beautiful time of the year to build up old but broken friendships. Try it—it's Christmastime. The world needs Christmas—it is not the amount of our gift, but the simple beautiful thing that we hear when the angels sing and we follow the beautiful, brilliant light that shines in our hearts from a star—that's Christmas!

The Christmas Season in the Peoples Church

Friday, Dec. 5—Uptown Temple Club, Bowling, 1103 Bryn Mawr Ave., 8:00 p.m.

Sunday, Dec. 7—Dr. Bradley's sermons:
- 11:00 a.m.—"The Heart Time of the Year"
- 7:00 p.m.—To be announced.
- 5:00 p.m.—The Uptown Temple Club will meet in Anderson Hall. Christmas Movie and Meeting.

Tuesday, Dec. 9—Regular monthly meeting of the Woman's Club in Anderson Hall:
- 11:00 a.m.—Business Meeting.
- 12:30 p.m.—Luncheon.
- 1:30 p.m.—"History of Music" by Nancy King (Soprano)

Sunday, Dec. 14—Dr. Bradley's Sermons:
- 11:00 a.m.—"What Do You Want For Christmas?"
- 7:00 p.m.—Chicago Tribune's Goodfellows' Night, Mr. Philip Maxwell, Chicago Tribune Editorial Dept., Chairman. Christmas Musicale, arranged by Cathryn Bennett, "Glory to God in the Highest," sung by Peoples Church Choir and Quartet, under the direction of Frank Bennett. Soloists: Ann Irving, Soprano; Carol Pierner, Contralto; Clyde Bassler, Tenor; Arwin Schweig, Bass. Assisting Soloists: Virginia Main—Anada Cosgrove.
- 8.00 p.m.—The People's Church Choir and the Professional and Business Woman's Club are joining in holding a Tea at the close of the Goodfellows' Christmas Musicale. The Business Women have cancelled their usual Sunday Afternoon Tea to join with the Choir in this event and will donate their gifts to the cause of the Tribune's Goodfellows.
- 8:00 p.m.—Uptown Temple Club, Bowling, 1103 Bryn Mawr.

Thursday, Dec. 18—Dinner Party by Girl Scout Troop No. 97 for elderly friends, 6:30 p.m.

Friday, Dec. 19—Junior Church Christmas Party. Santa Claus pays a visit, with a gift for every child. 7:00 p.m.

Saturday, Dec. 20—Uptown Temple Club, Gala Christmas Party, Grab Bag, Games, Entertainment. 7:00 p.m.

Sunday, Dec. 21—Dr. Bradley's Sermons:
- 11:00 a.m.—Christmas Sunday Service. "A Little Town in a Big World."
- 7:00 p.m.—Candle Light Service and Christmas Play.
- 5:00 p.m.—The Uptown Temple Club will not hold a meeting.

Wednesday, Dec. 24—11:00 p.m. to midnight—Christmas Eve Service. "The Angels Still Sing."

Sunday, Dec. 28—New Year's Sunday: Dr. Bradley's Sermons:
- 11:00 a.m.—"Three New Year Wishes."
- 7:00 p.m.—"What Time Is It?"

Wednesday, Dec. 31—11:00 p.m. to midnight—Watch Night Service. "Hail and Farewell"

DR. BRADLEY'S BOOK LECTURES IN JANUARY

Dr. Bradley will lecture every Wednesday night in January on an important new book.

DR. BRADLEY'S THURSDAY NOON LECTURES AT THE CHICAGO PUBLIC LIBRARY

January 8—"The Meaning of Culture"
January 15—"The Growth of Culture"
January 22—"Who is the Cultured Person?"
January 29—"How to Acquire Culture"

"WHAT IS YOUR CQ?"

Sermon by DR. PRESTON BRADLEY

Pastor of the Peoples Church of Chicago

OCTOBER 26, 1958

THERE wouldn't have been any trouble this morning about this subject if the subject had been *What Is Your IQ?* because everybody would know what you meant by that, but I've had a terrible time this week explaining to people who saw the subject for the first time or heard me mention it on the air, that it was not an error and that I had not intended to say IQ, but that I was actually intending to speak on *"What Is Your CQ?* I've told everybody it was "CQ," but hardly anybody has believed it! I don't know what the effect will be after the sermon is over.

We all know that there are certain tests that are made to determine your IQ—education is full of those tests; personnel departments are full of those tests. Everybody has taken some kind of an intelligence test to determine his intelligence quotient. I shall never forget when I was serving this State as a member of the Prison Investigation Commission, to which I was appointed by the Governor after there had been a tragedy in Stateville and the Governor wanted the entire prison system of the State of Illinois overhauled and analyzed, and he included me on a very important commission. I enjoyed the work very much because of the opportunity which it presented for a visitation to every penal institution in this State, and for analyzing the situations and conditions. Our report was accepted by several sociologists and penal institutions in this country, and it has been published. On one of the occasions when we were in Stateville in this investigation, Bishop Sharlman, the Roman Catholic Bishop of Peoria and a member of the commission, was with us. He was a very valuable member. We were discussing how they graded the intelligence of the men who were there, and Warden Ragen (one of the finest wardens, by the way, in this country and one of the finest criminologists) said to us: "Would you gentlemen like to take the IQ examination we give our inmates?" Well, they didn't have any of this newfangled business when I was a boy and I had never had such a test. We didn't know anything about it. So I looked at the Bishop, and I said: "Bishop, how do you feel about it?" "Well," he said, "I'll take it if you will" and that was enough for me! I couldn't back out then, so I said, "Well, I'll take it, too!" The Warden brought in a lot of blocks and all sorts of equipment—I never saw anything like it in my life! The Bishop sat down on one side of the table and I sat on the other, and the Warden put this all in front of us and said, "Here it is. I am now going to give you the identical tests that we give every man who comes into this institution." Well, to make a long story short, I never had so much trouble in my life about anything as I did then—and neither one of us passed! Now that was all about your IQ. But that isn't what I want to talk with you about this morning at all.

I am tremendously more interested in your "CQ" than I am in your "IQ"! And what do I mean by the "CQ"? I mean the "Character Quotient!" What

about your "Character Q" and mine? That is truly fundamental. And what kind of a test can we pass about our character? Now the word "character," of course, has many ramifications, many approaches, many definitions. There's a difference between "character" and "reputation." A great many people think of "character" and "reputation" as being synonymous. They're not! It is possible for a person to have a bad reputation but a good character, but it isn't possible for a person to have a bad character and, ultimately, a good reputation! For sooner or later, in this winnowing process of life, the mills of the god's grind so finely that, sooner or later, character and reputation synchronize! That is one of the most hopeful things that a person can face: for there have been those who have "lost" their reputation but have been able, through a good and a constructive and a helpful life, to "win" a character! And sooner or later character will be recognized more than reputation for reputation will be gradually thinned out and ultimately eliminated by character!

Most people worry a great deal about their reputation! That is an unwarranted worry. We never have to worry about our reputation if, basically, our character is sound, for sooner or later, and this is the thesis, sooner or later, our true character will supersede any reputation that we might have had! Reputations are vacillating things: they ebb and flow like the tide! Character is like a rock; it consists of component parts of the basic individual attributes! And if that character is fundamentally and basically sound, don't you spend one moment worrying about your reputation! And don't spend one moment worrying about what people think of you and what they do not think of you! The finest and the highest test is to look in the mirror at yourself and discover what you think about you! That is the kind of test that I mean by a "CQ" test: when I look in the mirror and you look in the mirror, looking right into our own eyes, can we honestly and deeply and sincerely say: "I am a person of character! I have a norm and a standard! I shall never permit anything to cause me to deviate from that norm and from that standard: sixteen ounces in every pound, twelve inches in every foot—my word, my bond!" Character! That's character! And if we can develop that kind of inner self the heavens may fall, people may criticize, we may be judged, everything may happen to us, but nothing will happen to our character. And finally, the character will win out, and the people who may have criticized and condemned and found fault and said that we lacked character will be compelled to reorganize and readjust their own judgment of us because they will be able to see the character that was basic in our lives!

What Is Your CQ? Concerned about public opinion? Concerned about being misunderstood? Concerned about not being appreciated? Concerned about the lies? Are these things dissipating your fine energies of mind and heart? Or do you just eliminate the worry about them, (and it can be eliminated) by a basic quality of your own inner integrity, so that people eventually when they talk with you; when they're with you; when they see you; when they know what you do; when they're a part of your life, their admiration for you will grow and grow and grow! Not that that should be the purpose of it, but that is always a by-product of it! And if there was no hope for those who have failed; those who have been less than their best; those who have wal-

lowed in the gutter of life; those who have been tinctured by the brush of the filth of life, if there was no hope for them to straighten up with life, change life, make life something beautiful and strengthening and powerful, what an unutterable tragedy we would all be in! So, on your self-analysis of *What Is Your CQ?"* this morning, I have a word of hope for you! I want to send it over this microphone; I want to send it into your hearts:

No matter what the yesterdays were; no matter how you have failed; no matter what you have done—no matter—it is never too late for you, under the inspiration of God, to pick up all of life and build anew! Don't ever think it's too late to begin again: it's never too late to begin again! And if I could speak that message into some heart this morning in some little room, listening to a little radio, perhaps; or to someone purring along the highway in their car; or someone in a hospital room, or in some of the myriads and myriads of places where these words are going and hearts are listening; do hear me; don't weep for the past! There is hope and strength available for you! You can have a miracle before the words of this sentence are finished! A new day can dawn for your life! New power is flowing now, right now, while I speak, into your bodies and into your souls! Something's happening to you, my defeated friend, something's happening to you now! A new door is opening; a new day is dawning! You were made for greatness and nobility and strength! They're all yours, my friend! Rise up out of your disillusionment, your weakness—you're made for victory! Claim your own birthright! Tear up the past —and forget it! Reach up and take the hand of God and walk out into the unknown unafraid! And now, may the spirit of love and of peace and of victory settle down upon every heart everywhere, and may the week to come be a better week because we had this hour together today.

The Following Members Were Publicly Welcomed Into Our Church, Sunday, Nov. 2

Miss Eunice Culver,
844 Leland Avenue (40)

Mrs. Caroyln David,
5861 N. Magnolia Avenue (40)

Mrs. Henry L. Harrell,
647 Euclid Ave., Glen Ellyn, Ill.
from Glen Ellyn Presbyterian Church

Mrs. M. S. Kallish,
2757 Pine Grove Avenue (14)

Miss Anne M. Kovac,
3727 N. Francisco Avenue (18)

Miss Vicki Kumagai,
4700 Clarendon Avenue (40)

Mrs. Edna Estele Kynoch,
7709 Sheridan Road (26)

Mr. and Mrs. Irving Mantel,
2700 N. Sacramento Avenue (47)

Mrs. Billie Roske,
2546 N. McVicker Avenue (39)

Miss June Sakiyama,
5327 N. Winthrop Avenue (40)

Mrs. Irma Tripp,
1159 Second Ave., Des Plaines, Ill.

Mr. & Mrs. RuFoe N. Wolford,
5005 N. Ashland Avenue (40)

BOOK CHATS

IN our December issue we like to mention one or two of the smaller books which make good Christmas gifts, and especially do we try to list one that is about Christmas. So this year we find one entitled "Christmas and its Customs," by Christina Hole, published by M. Barrows and Company ($1.95).

There are chapters on The Beginnings of Christmas — The Christmas Season—Garlands and Greenery—Fire and Light—Gifts and Greetings—The Gift-Bringer—The Christmas Feast—Carols — The New Year — Twelfth-Night and Christmas — Christmas Legends and Superstitions, and on page 92 there is a short list of Books About Christmas, followed by a very complete index to all the subjects mentioned in the various chapters of this book.

We are told that the holly, ivy and mistletoe, the favorite decorations, were strong life-symbols to our ancestors, not only because they are evergreens, but also because, unlike most plants, they bear fruit in winter. By tradition holly is masculine and ivy feminine, thus both are needed if all in the house are to share in the blessings they imply. Mistletoe, the Golden Bough of classical legend, was held sacred by the Celtic Druids and by the Norsemen, for whom it was the holy and terrible plant which slew Balder, the Sun God. It was once called Allheal, for the double reason that it was used in folk medicine to cure many ills, and was the plant of peace, under which enemies were reconciled in ancient Scandinavia. It brought good luck and fertility. It protected the house that contained it from witchcraft and was an antidote to poison. Yet unlike holly and ivy, it never quite lost its heathen character and, though freely used in private households, it was never included in the Christmas decorations of churches. Even today it is rarely found among them, and formerly, if any was accidentally introduced, it was immediately thrown out. There was one English exception to this rule, at York Minster, where, during the Middle Ages, a branch was ceremonially laid upon the high altar on Christmas Eve, after which a general pardon and liberty for all was proclaimed throughout the city for so long as it remained there.

Kissing under the mistletoe, the author tells us, seems to be a purely English custom, never found in other countries unless Englishmen have settled there.

The survival of this custom may be due to the fact that the English were formerly much given to kissing. Foreign visitors in Tudor and early Stuart times frequently remarked how men and women exchanged kisses without self-consciousness, even slight acquaintances or strangers just being introduced greeted in this pleasant manner. "Wherever you go," wrote Erasmus in the sixteenth century, "everyone welcomes you with a kiss, and the same on bidding farewell . . . in short, turn where you will, there are kisses, kisses everywhere." It need hardly be said that this is no longer

the case; but where mistletoe hangs, a shadow of the old freedom reappears. Girls who stand under it cannot refuse to be kissed, and those who dislike such attentions must take care to keep away from the bough.

Every chapter of Christina Hole's little book contains many customs or legends and Christmastime is just the time to enjoy reading it.

* * *

Rabbi Richard C. Hertz, now senior Rabbi of the oldest and largest synagogue in Michigan, Temple Beth El, in Detroit, sent to Dr. Bradley an autographed copy of his newly published book, *Prescription for Heartache*. This also is a fairly small book, of 138 pages. It makes an attractive gift book in that any chapter can be read at one reading as a separate unit. Most of the chapters have the paragraphs or small sections numbered. For example, a chapter on "The Marks of a Mature Marriage," has a short introduction, then a paragraph named "Similar Background," "2. Companionship," "3. Mutual Respect," "4. Growth of Personality," "5. Sound Approach in Money Matters," "6. The Capacity for Settling Differences," "7. A Sense of Humor," "8. Understanding Your In-Laws," "9. A Religious Atmosphere in the Home," and "10. Rearing a Family." In all it covers eleven and a half pages.

There are ten chapters in all: Mastering the Things That Defeat Us; What Really Brings You Happiness?; Battling Worry—The Enemy Within; Overcoming Your Fears. In this chapter Rabbi Hertz quotes a story told by Dr. Bradley. Another chapter is titled Why Do Some People Get All the Breaks? Still another, Do You Ever Feel Sorry For Yourself? Many will be interested in the chapter on Understanding Teen-Agers, and the last two, Can You Grow Old Gracefully? and The Paradox of Life.

The chapter headings themselves would seem to cover just about every phase of life any of us has to meet.

After Dr. Bradley had read the book he wrote to thank Dr. Hertz for remembering him with a copy. Among other things he said about the book he wrote this: "It is practical, hopeful, creative, philosophical, warm and intimate."

In his foreword Dr. Hertz says: "With man's physical longevity extended, his attention has turned to problems of mental health. Not just *how long* can he live, but *how* can he live? . . . It is time, however, to become concerned with something more than physical or mental health: man's spiritual health needs strengthening. His spiritual health is involved in the wholeness of personality. . . . Spiritual security must undergird the structure of man's spirit.

"More than ever before, I think, people realize that they now need a sense of inner peace in order to live through times like these, for these are days of heartache. Because their lives are fractured by tension and turmoil, they seek a prescription for the heartache of life, something that will bring them a bit of serenity of spirit for troubled hours.

"This little book is an effort in that direction. . . . The problems discussed are universal. . . . The prescriptions too are universal."

Dr. Hertz attempts to inspire the reader with a desire to accomplish the most with what is within him. "No one likes a phony, a counterfeit, a carbon copy. We have to be originals . . . we have to say to ourselves: 'I have found out what I have to work with. I wish it were more, but it's the best

I have. Let's see what I can accomplish with what's available.' "

He quotes Douglas Malloch's delightful little poem beginning:

If you can't be a pine on the top of the hill,
Be a scrub in the valley—but be
The best little scrub by the side of the rill;
Be a bush, if you can't be a tree.

Dr. Hertz takes an active and prominent role in Detroit's civic affairs. He is a frequent contributor to both scholarly and popular journals. A trip to Israel in 1956 prompted a series of articles in the Detroit Times.

A THOUGHTFUL CHRISTMAS GIFT

A wonderful way to make Christmas last for some loved one or friend would be to give them a year's subscription to The Liberalist—a reminder every month in the year that you are thinking of them. The Liberalist is becoming more and more poplar with our readers. Many of our members who have moved to other parts of the country appreciate keeping in touch with our church and with Dr. Bradley's sermons in this way.

Just send $2 to the church office, with the name and address of the person to whom the subscription should be sent, signing your name as the donor. A Christmas card will be sent in your name announcing the gift.

THE PEOPLES CHURCH,
941 Lawrence Avenue,
Chicago 40, Illinois.

Please enter subscription to The Liberalist for one year beginning with this issue, for

..... (Name)

..... (Address)

Enclosed find Check ( ) Money Order ( ) for $2.00.

(Donor's name and Address).....

The *RADIO* MAIL BAG

By ETHEL WELLS SMALLEY

LAST month I took up altogether too much space in my enthusiasm over the People to People Program. Let me just say that I have heard from my two correspondents, the one a writer and teacher in Poland and the other a lawyer and writer in Germany—letters of great interest.

Late in October the following letter came to Dr. Bradley:

Dear Dr. Bradley:

Just a short note at this time to tell you how much Mrs. Porter and I enjoyed your wonderful sermon this morning. That sermon should and will, I believe, be a tremendous inspiration to thousands of world weary travelers. It was at once so direct, so practical and down to earth in its language that thousands will have a better week because of it.

Your reference to looking into one's mirror recalled to my mind the little poem "The Man in the Glass," and I find I have a copy which I will enclose. This poem is not of my own composition, but it has long been a favorite with me.

May the Infinite Spirit of Love strengthen and sustain you, and enable you to carry on in your work for many years to come.

Sincerely,

Hugh R. Porter.

The sermon to which Mr. Porter refers was the one entitled "What is Your CQ?" The poem he sent was read by Dr. Bradley Sunday morning, November 2nd, and so many requests were sent in asking for a copy that we publish it here, just as Mr. Porter wrote it, with special words underlined:

THE MAN IN THE GLASS

When you've *got* all you want in your struggle for wealth,
And the world makes you *King* for a day,
Just go to a mirror and look at *yourself*,
And see what *that* man has to say.

For it isn't your *father* or *mother* or *wife*,
Whose judgment upon you must pass—
No, the fellow whose verdict means *most* in your life,
Is the man staring back from the glass.

You may be like Jack Horner and *chisel* a plum,
And *think* you're a wonderful guy—
But the man in the glass says you're *only a bum*,
If you can't look him *straight* in the eye.

He's the fellow to *please*—never mind all the rest,
For he's with you clear up to the end,
And you've *passed* your most dangerous, difficult test,
If the man in the glass is your friend.

You *may* fool the whole world down the pathway of years,
And get *pats* on your back as you pass—
But your *final reward* will be *heartache* and *tears*,
If you've *cheated* the man in the glass.

* * *

Dear Dr. Bradley:

On behalf of the Realtors Association of New Mexico, I would like to take this opportunity of thanking you for your magnificent speech at our

State Convention. As you know it has been my pleasure to hear you for the third or fourth time and I can honestly say that every time becomes better.

I hope you enjoyed your visit with us and that your ride back to Albuquerque was interesting. Thanks again for your kindness and inspiration.

Sincerely yours,
Edward R. Dixon,
Executive Vice President.

* * *

Much satisfaction is being expressed by many people over the WLS broadcast at 11:00 o'clock.

Dear Dr. Bradley:

Please accept our offering. We listened in on your 11 o'clock radio broadcast of Sunday morning services and were very happy to hear them once again at the regular hour of 11 o'clock to 12:00. We liked the entire broadcast of the services as we heard it all without interruptions. We do hope the 11 to 12 broadcast will continue for a long time to come. May we have a copy of those "Ten Commandments" mentioned on your Vesper Hour broadcast at 5:45?

Thanking you for all,
Yours truly,
Mr. and Mrs. Harold F. Johnson.

* * *

Donald C. Elwood, Executive Secretary of the Wisconsin Indian Head Country, Inc., wrote:

Dear Dr. Bradley:

I want to tell you how much we enjoyed your very fine speech. To my knowledge no other speaker who has ever appeared before our organization generated one-half the enthusiasm you did. All directors and members present at the banquet made a point of writing us and saying how much they enjoyed your speech.

If there is anything the organization or I can do for you, please feel free to call on us at any time.

* * *

Richard F. Dunn, of Bloomington, says that for some months he has been interested in the Sunday program and thought Dr. Bradley might enjoy this poem:

I must not interfere with any child, I have been told,
To bend his will to mine, or try to shape him through some mold
Of thought. Naturally, as a flower he must unfold;
Yet flowers have the discipline of wind and rain,
And, though I know it gives the gardener much pain,
I've seen him use his pruning shears to gain
More strength and beauty for some flower bright,
And he would do whatever he thought right
To save his flower from a deadening blight.
I do not know—yet it does seem to me
That only weeds unfold just naturally.

* * *

Dear Dr. Bradley:

If only you knew how many, many people you help via the radio on Sunday. Speaking of myself, I am in a position where I cannot come to church personally and how much your sermons and other talks have helped me to continue.

I only wish I could send more to help, but I usually do without to send what I have sent already. It takes little character to send a lot when you have a lot, but more character and also there is more pleasure in giving when you, yourself, go without.

Sincerely,
Miriam Tonelli.

* * *

Dr. Bradley's article "Along the Way" in a recent Liberalist, caused an Irish lady to reminisce:

Dear Dr. Bradley:

Enclosed find check for The Liberalist.

I appreciated your sending me a card in answer to my letter telling you of my son Joel. He liked Cornell very much and we think it so interesting that his roommate is a Chinese boy from Hong Kong.

I read your articles about your visit to Europe. The article concerning the beauty of Ireland recalled my Mother's description of it. She is now 83 and was born in Holywood, Ireland, and attended the Unitarian Sunday School when Rev. McAlister was the minister there. She has often spoken of the Non-Subscribing Church in Belfast.

When her family came to America in 1888 and settled in Chicago, her father, John Lindsay, had his letter to Jenkin Lloyd Jones' church. However, they did not attend very often as they lived in the Humboldt Park district and also because my grandfather was an organist and held many church positions over the years. Mother's grandfather, a Mr. Marshall, was a Unitarian, while his wife remained a Catholic. My grandmother was born in 1846, so that is going back a long ways.

Best wishes,

Mary E. Sundholm. (Mrs. F. G.)

* * *

On October 12th, Dr. Bradley digressed from his usual type of sermon and talked at length about the finances of the church. It was quite appropriate to the subject he had chosen, however, which was "By Their Fruits." Of course we all know the rest of that phrase is "ye shall know them." Some beautiful letters poured in with gratitude expressed for the church and the inspiration of Dr. Bradley's sermons. Without giving the names, we will list a few quotations from several of these letters:

"Heard your sermon on your finances and thought it was worth two dollars to have heard it, and am sending that amount toward paying for the broadcast. Hope it will hurt 199 more people as it did me. I support our church here (in Davis, Illinois), but do like to hear your sermons, too. May God bless you and the Peoples Church."

* * *

"I wish I could write a beautiful letter to tell you how much I appreciate the radio broadcast. We are old retired people who used to live in Chicago (now live in Arlington Heights). I wish I could send more but it is hard to get along on the pension, they tax you so much here. My husband's birthday is the same year, month and day as yours. May you live long and continue your good work."

* * *

"Guess *we* all need a good jolting up and if you didn't do it Sunday I don't know when you could. I'm facing a third eye operation so excuse short note."

* * *

"Your affiliation with WLS makes it possible for us to again enjoy your fine Sunday morning service here in South Bend. Hope the enclosed check will help."

* * *

"Please find enclosed check as a donation for your worthy cause. I am a blind man who has been listening to your talks on the radio. It is very inspirational."

* * *

"We are so happy to have you again in our home on Sundays when we are unable to be in our own church. Here is a small contribution. We thank God for Magikist for putting you on the air again. We do hope to share something each month when we can. May God bless and keep you always."

* * *

And from the Mather Home in Evanston:

"Just now heard your helpful talk

over WLS. Very happy that I again have the great privilege to hear you, as the effort to get to church is too great for me. I enclose a part of my pledge and also $2 for a subscription to the Liberalist Magazine. I will later send in a few knitted articles for the Bazaar.

"Thank you for all the helpful and comforting talks."

* * *

"What an inspiring sermon! Unfortunately we were unable to attend today; we do wish we could live closer to the church. (Living in Libertyville.)

"May we please put this small token in the offering basket."

* * *

"It is good to hear your voice again on the Sunday morning broadcasts over WLS, so I am sending you my welcome and words of greeting and my good wishes for a happy and successful year. We always look forward to the help and inspiration we receive from your broadcasts. Enclosed my offering."

* * *

In response to the Oct. 19th sermon on "I Am Only One Person:"

"The inspiration received this morning from your sermon is beyond expression. God bless you. From one who has seen much of life, but still can say "I *am* one *person!*"

* * *

And a letter to the sponsor:

"Congratulations on sponsoring such an *excellent* program as that of Dr. Bradley of the Peoples Church! Such enlightened responsibility shall not be forgotten when our commercial choices are to be made."

* * *

"Although I do not profess to be a Christian, I have long gained some measure of peace from your broadcasts. The most effective statement you made this morning, in my estimation, was the soul-searching admonition to look into our hearts and ask ourselves what kind of a church this would be if all members were as ourselves. Obviously, if all members participated as I have, there would be no church.

* * *

The enclosed is little to offer in return for the many, many times you spurred me on when I had thought there was no point in going on, but it is given in sincere thanksgiving. May your fine and courageous work continue for many years to come."

* * *

"I'm happy to send the Peoples Church this check toward their expenses. My husband has retired so I'm not able to send more, but I'll do my best as time goes on to do my part.

"I love you and the church so *very* much and doing my small part gives me a feeling of great satisfaction.

"My best wishes always to you and God bless you, my friend."

* * *

"We are happy to contribute the enclosed, as we don't know what we would do without the broadcast of the service from the Peoples Church. It is most inspiring and we always look forward to the service, as it leaves us feeling so much better for having listened. Wishing only the best for the church and you always."

* * *

"I was busy at my typewriter this morning and forgot for the moment the difference in time between Chicago and Milwaukee and just came to in time to get about ten minutes of your appeal for money to cover some pressing bills of the church and I would like to contribute this amount each week as long as I am able and the Good

Lord allows me time on this earth. If you have special envelopes for this purpose, send me a supply and I shall be grateful."

* * *

"I only wish I were the rich woman you spoke of, so as to relieve the burden somewhat, but believing in the adage 'a half loaf is better than none' I do not hesitate to send a very small contribution. Sincerely hoping other listeners will do likewise in your vast radio audience and with best wishes for a bountiful year."

* * *

"I just turned off the radio and I just have to send this little note. I certainly envy the gentleman in the church who could hand you two five-dollar bills.

Just imagine what courage it takes to send you two dimes! I get $47.20 social security a month! and my pledge is only 50c a month.

No words of mine can express what your sermons, the Liberalist, and all your work mean to me."

* * *

"Last week I lost my purse while shopping. It contained two one-dollar bills, eight keys, with identification card. My conscience bothered me for I felt that, had I given it to the church, it would not have happened. Brooding for a week over the keys, I called at the 'Lost and Found' at Wieboldt's. There is was, all intact. Now here is the same two dollars I should have sent before it happened—especially as I think of the rich woman you spoke of today, when she entered Heaven."

* * *

Sometimes when Dr. Bradley has spoken about Lincoln, he has made the remark that soon there will be no people living who knew the people who knew Lincoln. Our readers may be interested in this letter which refers to such a remark made in one of Dr. Bradley's addresses:

Dear Dr. Bradley:

I was much interested in your address about Lincoln. My father heard his Gettysburg speech. He came to Kewanee, Illinois, where he settled, but had been to Connecticut to visit his parents and stopped off on his way home to hear the speech. I often heard him speak of it. I was not born until 1869. My grandfather Kent on my mother's side died at our home in Kewanee. He was born in a village in the Green Mountains of Vermont in 1784, so was alive when President Washington was in office.

Mary O. Van Eman,
Dwight, Illinois.

* * *

Dear Dr. Bradley:

Your address Thursday at the Coles County Institute was the high spot of what I thought was a very fine program. Just two remarks of the many I heard within an hour after your talk gives you some idea of how well you pleased the audience. From a man teacher: "The best I ever heard." And from a woman teacher, "I could have listened to him all day." I had wanted you to talk last because I was afraid anything that followed you would be anticlimactic.

I am glad you got to visit with Reverend Daly, and hope you arrived in Mattoon in time to catch the 3:20 train to Chicago.

Sincerely yours,
G. W. Dunn,
Coles County Superintendent of Schools

* * *

Dear Preston:

I want to extend to you my heartiest thanks for your extremely friendly hospitality and the great privilege of

preaching in your church and of seeing you again at the Third Church on the same evening. It was an inspiring day for me and I do feel most grateful for your friendship and the happy associations that are increasingly ours with the passing of time.

And now I understand that you are to be my host again this coming weekend, or, more precisely, we are to share honors at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Saunders for dinner on Sunday.

I think that one of the more gratifying features of my new office is the privilege of visiting across the country with my colleagues, and feeling the pulse-beat, as it were, of the denomination.

My warmest greetings to you always.

Faithfully yours,
Dana McLean Greeley.

For the benefit of any readers who may not know it, Dr. Dana McLean Greeley is the newly elected President of the American Unitarian Association, of Boston Massachusetts, and preached a sermon in our church on October 5th, in the morning, then was accorded a welcoming reception by all the Chicago Unitarian Churches at the Third Unitarian Church. On October 19th, Dr. Greeley returned to Chicago to take part in the dedication of the new church building of the First Unitarian Church of Evanston, of which Dr. Homer Jack is the Minister. Dr. Greeley preached the morning sermon. In the afternoon at 4:00 o'clock there was a dedication program in which Dr. Greeley, Dr. Bradley, Emily Taft Douglas (current moderator of the American Unitarian Association) and Adlai Stevenson assisted. Many of our members attended this reception and dedication service.

* * *

KEEP—ON—THE—BEAM!

DR. BRADLEY'S ENGAGEMENTS

OCTOBER

1—Conference. WBBM.
Luncheon meeting. Covenant Club.
Meeting. Chicago Public Library.
Met Lord Mayor of Belfast, Ireland, at Municipal Airport.

2—Luncheon, Palmer House, for Lord Mayor and Lady Mayoress of Belfast, Ireland. Invocation.
Address. Woman's Ideal Club, Hotel Blackstone.
Left for Carbondale, Ill.

3—Address. Chester High School, Chester, Ill. Teachers' Institute.
Address for Randolph Co. Schools Teachers' Institute.
Left for Chicago.

4—Two Weddings.
Cut records. WBBM.
Attended 50th Wedding Anniversary.

5—Broadcast. WBBM.
Service. Peoples Church. Guest preacher, Dr. Dana McLean Greeley, of Boston, President, American Unitarian Assoc.
Address. Third Unitarian Church, Reception to Dr. Dana Greeley.
Broadcast. WCFL.
Broadcast. WSEL-FM.

6—Worked in Study.
Gave tribute to Pope Pius XII for the Press.

7—Wedding.
Attended Autumn Convocation, Chicago Theological Seminary, at Graham Taylor Hall, University of Chicago.

8—Meeting in Judge Sbarbaro's Chambers with Judge Sbarbaro, Harriet Atlas and Rabbi Mann. (Re Pope Pius XII).
Cut record for WCFL.
Invocation for Veterans Employment Service Banquet, LaSalle Hotel.
Left for Terre Haute, Indiana.

9—Address. Clark Co. Teachers' Institute, Marshall, Illinois. Drove to Charleston.
Address. Coles County Teachers' Institute. Drove to Mattoon, to leave for Chicago.
Address. WBBM-TV, with Rabbi Mann, Father Banahan, Judge Sbarbaro, Ray Utley and Nina Polcyn (the only woman).

10—Funeral.
Address. Opening Dinner, Professional and Business Woman's Club.
11—Two Funerals.
Wedding.
12—Sermon. Peoples Church, broadcast by WLS direct from the church.
Broadcast. WCFL.
Address. Willard Memorial M. E. Church.
Broadcast. WSEL-FM.
13—Address. Allied Distributors of America.
Board Meeting. Chicago Public Library.
Reception for Mrs. Bruce Strong, by Francesca Falk Miller Nielsen.
Radio Broadcast with Bob Elson, WCFL.
14—Worked in Study.
15—Funeral.
Study Conference with Director Chicago Boys Club.
Religious Inquiry Class. Peoples Church.
16—Address. Conference of Club Presidents and Program Chairmen, Fullerton Hall, Art Institute.
Address. Opening Luncheon, Ill. Fed. of Women's Clubs. Swedish Club.
7—Worked in Study.
8—Wedding.
Study Conference.
Hospital calls.
9—Sermon, Peoples Church.
Dedication Address, First Unitarian Church, Evanston, Ill. Adlai Stevenson, guest speaker also.
Address. WCFL.
Address. WSEL-FM.
20—Funeral.
21—Address. Jewish Big Sisters, Standard Club.
Address. PTA Assoc. Public School, Cary Illinois.
22—Funeral.
Wedding.
Address. Blaney Lodge No. 271 A.F. &A.M., Ravenswood Masonic Temple.
23—Address. Congressional Luncheon, Edgewater Beach Hotel.
Cut three records, WCFL.
Dinner with Dr. & Mrs. Louis L. Mann, Dr. Chas. W. Gilkey, former Dean of U. of C. Chapel and Minister, Hyde Park Baptist Church; Mrs. McGiffert, wife of Dr. McGiffert, Pres. of Chicago Theol. Seminary and daughter of Dr. Samuel Eliot and granddaughter of the great Dr. Charles W. Eliot of Harvard University.
24—Working in Study.
Sick calls.
Radio Interview. WNPT. Waikiki Restaurant.
25—Funeral.
Wedding.
Hospital calls.
26—Sermon. Peoples Church.
Address. Woodlawn Methodist Church.
Broadcast. WCFL.
Address. Metropolitan Community Church. Thirty-eighth Anniversary.
Broadcast. WSEL-FM.
27—Funeral.
Board Meeting. Chicago Public Library.
Dinner and meeting with Dr. & Mrs. Herbert M. Phillips, re Albert Schweitzer Foundation.
28—Address. Sinai Sisterhood, Sinai Temple.
Address. Auspices Blue Island Public Library, First Congregational Church, Blue Island, Ill.
29—Linden, Michigan, visiting boyhood home.
30—Linden, Michigan.
31—Address. Testimonial dinner to Mrs. Rachel Ridley, Central Presbyterian Church Banquet, Blackstone Hotel.

WEDDINGS

4—Jean Parker and Duane Watkins

Rose Marie Strobl and Chester Gottschalk

50th Anniversary, Mr. & Mrs. Cyrus Garnett

7—Mae Fitzgerald and Dr. Walter Hawkins

11—Jeanette Robinson and Robert Rowland

18—Jewel M. Kennedy and Frank E. Frost

22—Bonita Lillie and Vernon S. Jacobs

25—Lucy Wuendisch and Walter Hoesel

FUNERALS

10—Donald G. Linn
11—Miss Louise Kaehler
Mrs. William Hale Thompson
15—Joseph Vreneck
20—Mr. Edward Ashworth
22—Mr. Frank C. Walter
25—Mrs. Hollis Walther
27—Mrs. Florence Beattie Barrett

CHRISTENINGS

12—Carol Momi Jahn, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Clarence Jahn

12—Janis Lee Francis, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Lee Francis

12—Adult: Lee Charles Francis

THE PEOPLES CHURCH

941 Lawrence Avenue

Sunday morning service (broadcast by WLS direct from church) ..... 11:00 a.m.

Sunday evening service (November to Easter) ..... 7:00 p.m.

Junior Church—Virgil A. Kraft, Director, Religious Education ..... 9:30 a.m.
Parents are invited to accompany their children.

Choir rehearsals every Sunday. New members welcomed ..... 9:30 a.m.

Uptown Temple Club (single adults) 1st and 3rd Sundays, Anderson Hall ..... 5:00 p.m.
December 21—No meeting.

Wednesday Evening Book Reviews (the four Wednesdays in January) ..... 8:00 p.m.

Woman's Club, Tuesday, Dec. 9th, 11 a.m. Business Meeting; 12:30 p.m. Luncheon; 1:30 p.m. Program. History of Music by Nancy King, Soprano ..... 11:00 a.m.

Professional and Business Woman's Club: Sunday, Dec. 14th, the 4:00 o'clock Christmas Tea is cancelled in favor of joining with The Choir in an evening Tea following the Goodfellows' Christmas Musicale. The Business Women will donate their Christmas gifts to the Goodfellows of the Tribune.

Men's Club: No meeting in December. Next meeting, January 27th ..... 8:00 p.m.

Couples Club meets 1st Tuesday in Anderson Hall, Folk Dance ..... 7:30 p.m.

The Uptown Players, J. Bradley-Griffin, Founder-Director, *In Memoriam.*

Ushers Club—Secretary, Harold E. Hansen, EDgewater 4-5998.

Senior Girl Scout Troop No. 97, Tuesdays at 4249 Greenview Ave ..... 7:00 p.m.

Intermediate Girl Scout Troop No. 187, every Thursday, Anderson Hall ..... 7:00 p.m.

Intermediate Girl Scout Troop No. 860, every Thursday, Anderson Hall ..... 3:30 p.m.

Brownie Scout Troop No. 630, every Thursday, Bradley Hall ..... 3:30 p.m.

Dr. Bradley's Broadcasting Schedule
Every Sunday

WLS—Morning Church Sermon Broadcast direct from church pulpit ..... 11.00 a.m.

WCFL—Dr. Bradley's Vesper Broadcast ..... 5:45 p.m.

WSEL (FM)—Rebroadcast of Morning Sermon ..... 9:30 p.m.

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941 Lawrence Avenue,
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Associate Minister

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